

The Wife's Reverie.

O heart of mine, is our estate—
Our sweet estate—of joy assured:
It came so slow, it came so late,
Brought by such bitter pains endured;
Dare we forget those sorrows sore,
And think that they will come no more?

With tearful eyes I scan my face,
And doubt how he can find it fair;
Wistful, I watch each charm and grace
I see that other women wear;
Of all the secrets of love's lore,
I know but one, to love him more.

I see each day he grows more wise,
His life is broader far than mine;
I must be lacking in his eyes,
In many things where others shine.
O heart! can we this loss restore
To him, by simply loving more?

I often see upon his brow,
A look half tender and half stern;
His thoughts are far away, I know;
To fathom them, I vainly yearn;
But thought is ours which went before;
O heart! we can but love him more!

I sometimes think that he had loved
An older, deeper love, apart
From this which later feebler moved
His soul to mine. O heart! O heart!
What can we do? This hurteth sore,
Nothing, my heart, but love him more!
—*Sue Holm, in Scribner's Monthly.*

DISENCHANTED.

"Friend of my soul, whither are your thoughts wandering?" said Mr. Rob Newman to his old college chum, Gustavus Lawson, Esq.

The two were seated beneath a drooping elm, on the broad lawn of Harrogate House, enjoying the fumes of their Havanas, mingled with the music that floated out on the still moonlit air from the lighted windows of the hotel.

There was a "hop" that night, but both gentlemen being somewhat past the age when waltzing and flirtation are classed among the chief charms of life, they had preferred the quiet to the heat and glare of the crowded ball-room.

"Into the realms of the past," responded Lawson, dreamily, to his friend's inquiry, and with something so like a genuine sigh that the latter turned to look at him.

"Any thing of a sentimental nature?" he asked, in a half-bantering tone.

The other was silent for an instant, and then replied:

"You ask the question lightly, my friend. I will answer it seriously. Know then that, sitting here and listening to the music, I have been carried back to twelve years ago—to an August night precisely like this, when, in yonder lighted hall, I clasped an angel in my arms, and whirled to the divine measure of the very air to which we are now listening."

"Ah!" said Bob, with interest, "who was the angel, pray?"

"Lilian May."

"Poetic. Real name, eh?"

"Yes; daughter of May, of the old banking firm of May & Hobbleday."

"I remember; went to smash with a vengeance, about a dozen years ago. Was this before or after that catastrophe?"

"A year after. She—Lilian, I mean—was here, under the patronage of an aunt, a worldly, mercenary, coarse-minded woman, who exercised a most unfeeling and tyrannical authority over her."

"What did your Lilian look like?" inquired Newman.

"I am curious, knowing your fastidious taste in the matter of female beauty."

"She looked like—like what I have called her—an angel!"

"I can see her now," continued Lawson, "see her as plainly as I did on that memorable August night, standing this very spot, just against the trunk of this tree, with her lovely eyes lifted with a shy tenderness to mine, her golden hair rippling about her snowy brow, her arms and shoulders bare and white as alabaster, and her slender, ph-like figure clad in a diaphanous tulle—tulle, I think she called it. She wore no jewelry—she knew that I liked it—and, indeed, I don't think I possessed any; but, instead, a cluster of white waterlilies on her wrist, and a single starry white blossom of the same in her rippling hair. I have never since seen so lovely a creature," added Lawson, with a sigh.

"He could have served a sculptor or a painter for a Clytie—an angel. That was the happiest day of my life; for it was then that I won from her lips a confession that she loved me, and a promise to be mine."

"And how did it turn out otherwise?" inquired Bob.

"Trough that aunt of hers. The woman had favored, and, in fact, encouraged me until—until at length Lilian wrote me about a fat, middle-aged man—wealthy colliery proprietor—who was persecuting her with attentions of whom, she said, she loathed the sight of. Her aunt, she added, insisted on her accepting him, and she was truly broken-hearted in consequence."

"Any one believed it all? The idea

never occurred to you that the man's wealth might have had something to do with the martyr-like resignation of your gentle angel?"

"No, Newman, I never did her that injustice. You may look sarcastic, but if you had known Lilian May as I knew her, young, innocent, guileless—if you had seen her as she stood here that evening, pure, lily-crowned, the very ideal of spotless truth and purity—you could never have associated her with a thought of mercenary selfishness and falsehood."

Bob Newman checked the shrug and the smile in which he was about instinctively to indulge.

"b she married the rich colliery proprietor? What was his name?"

"Cook, now of the great Cumberland coal Company."

"Life of that company, you mean. Why, yes, old fellow, don't you know that old Crook died nearly two years ago?"

Mr. Justav Lawson turned his eyes upon his friend without a word. His face flushed a little and he threw aside the half-finished cigar. Mr. Bob Newman laughed jovially as he clapped his hand on his shoulder.

"A widow of—let me see—not more than 30 or so; beautiful still, no doubt, and chiseling tender, regretful memories of past love, whose course did not run smooth. Why, Gus, it will be all right now. So cheer up, old fellow, and see your fortune holdly."

At this moment a laughing party of young people took possession of the green bench on the other side of the great elmtree, and our two gentlemen arose unvacated the place to them.

"Pastleven," said Newman, as he examined his watch by the lamplight.

"Let meok in for a moment at the dancers before retiring."

They entered upon the terrace, and got a place among the outside crowd, near the door of the ball-room.

"And they call this dancing?" remarked Newman, looking at the heated and flushed couples, struggling and squeezing their way through the limited space allotted them by the surrounding crowd.

"What a farce."

"We used to enjoy it," murmured Lawson, as with a tender memory of the past.

"True. He people do change."

At the moment a fast-looking youth rushed up to him, flushed and breathless from the race.

"Mr.—ah—awson?" he gasped.

The owner of the name bowed an affirmative.

"A lady—d—friend—Miss May—Mrs. Crook—ask to you—this way."

And without a pause he pushed his way back through the crowd, dragging Lawson with him.

Newman, sniding on tiptoe, followed the course of his friend with interest.

"Miss Ma—Mrs. Crook!" How opportune. Now he should see the angel of his friend's youthful love-dream.

He saw Lawson, looking a little pale and excited, sneered up to a group of ladies, seated against the wall near the door. His eyes ran over them. There was not on who answered to his friend's description of Miss May, except a tall lady, rather graceful and interesting looking; but her eyes were dark, and Miss May had been described to him as a blonde. There was a blonde next her—that is, a lady with a rosy complexion, and a quantity of light, reddish curls, plaited and frizzed over her head; but she was stout and broad-shouldered, and her handsome dress showed a neck and arms like those of an overgrown baby, glittering with jewels. This, of course, could not be my friend's sylph, but, to his surprise, this lady held out her hand, with a fascinating smile and a fit, sentimental, upward glance from small eyes, that appeared half veiled by her round red cheeks.

"Mr. Lawson—so glad to see you. Surely you have not forgotten your old friend, Lilian May?"

Lawson's face was for an instant absolutely blank. Then he flushed very red and stammered something inaudible.

"Yes, indeed; such a long time since we met, but I have not entirely outgrown my youth—at least not my youthful feelings. Dear me! how very warm and oppressive it is here! I wonder if it isn't cooler outside?"

Lawson followed his arm as in duty bound; and the two joined the promenaders on the terrace.

Bob Newman, as they passed and re-passed, caught fragments of the conversation.

"Ah, how fast the years do fly! Only twelve years since we were here last. And how happy we were in those days! I wonder whether I shall ever again be half so happy?"

"I hope so," absently.

She leaned heavily on his arm.

"I have seen a great deal of trouble since then—a great deal!" tenderly and pathetically. "You have not married, Mr. Lawson?"

"No; I—I begin to look upon a single life as the happiest."

"It is certainly better to remain single than to give your hand while your heart is— But I must not call up sad memories, and it is all past now. You know, perhaps, that I am a—a widow?"

"Yes. Allow me to express my sympathy."

Just then he met his friend's eye fixed upon him with an expression which caused him to stop in his speech, look exceedingly sheepish, and, with his fair burden, to vanish in the crowd.

Half an hour later, they were seated at the open window of their own house, silently engaged partaking of some cooling drinks.

It was late—few people were passing; but presently a heavy step approached, and a rather puffy voice said, in tones which, though prudently subdued, were yet distinctly audible:

"Yes, he is really a very nice looking man, and I was very much in love with him; but it would have been folly to have married him when we were both poor. And there was Crook's fortune laid at my feet, though it turned out not nearly so much as we had thought. Mr. Lawson, I am told, has succeeded well in business, and he really is a most agreeable man. You can't think how this meeting with him has revived old—"

And she waddled out of sight and hearing. Newman looked at his friend.

"There goes your Clytie—your Undine. I fear she hasn't found her soul."

"Bob," said Lawson, thoughtfully, "this place is getting confoundingly dull. Suppose we go elsewhere to-morrow."

"Certainly."

And the next day their room was ready for new occupants.

Advertising for a Husband—A Young Lady's Folly.

PORTERVILLE, Pa., March 4.—Five years ago Miss Mary Athers, of this place, advertised in a Boston paper for a husband. Among other responses to her advertisement was John R. Johnston, of Rutland, Vt. A correspondence resulted from the advertisement, and three months after the card was inserted in accordance with the request of the person answering to that name she went to Rutland and was married to him. Miss Athers was the daughter of William R. Athers, Cashier of the Farmers' Bank, of this place. Her purpose was entirely unknown to her parents. When she left home she said she was going to Boston to visit a college friend. Four weeks after she went away she returned home with her new husband. Notwithstanding the fact that her parents were grieved at her freak they accepted the situation, and Johnston being a gentlemanly appearing man and a good bookkeeper, his wife's father placed him in the bank as an assistant. Although Johnston developed qualities that were inconsistent with his position he was retained in the situation that was given him, and his shortcomings were overlooked.

On Wednesday last a lady with two children, both under eight years of age, appeared in Porterville. She inquired for Mr. Johnston, saying that she was his wife, and that he was the father of her children. Her story was not believed at first, but when Johnston acknowledged that it was all true the village was thrown into the most intense excitement. Johnston said that he had been unable to live with his wife on account of the intemperance of her mother, and had left her two months before he answered Miss Athers's advertisement. He supposed, he says, that all intercourse with her was at an end, and thought that she would never trouble him again. He left his victim, however, and went to live with his true wife and family.

Miss Athers, or, as she supposed she was, Mrs. Johnston, on Monday, went to Orchard's drug store and called for a quantity of arsenic. Being refused the drug she went home, and was found Friday morning lying on the floor of her room dead. She had shot herself through the heart with a revolver that Johnston kept in a stand drawer in the room they had occupied.

Johnston could not be found yesterday morning. His wife and children are still here. Miss Athers is 24 years old, and a highly accomplished lady. She leaves one child, two years old. The greatest excitement prevails, and if Johnston could be found there is no doubt but he would be summarily dealt with.

Bertha Von Hillern's Great Feat.

The Boston Globe says: Miss Von Hillern did it. And she had 13 minutes and 32 seconds to spare at the finish. She was on her feet and moving 23 hours 3 minutes and 51 seconds, and rested 4 hours, 16 minutes and 6 seconds of the 28 hours of time allotted her. To accomplish the 100 miles in the time she did, Miss Von Hillern averaged 13 minutes and 51 seconds per mile. Her fastest mile was the seventh, in 11.55, and her slowest mile was the twenty-fifth, made in 17.29. Her rests were taken as follows: Twenty-one miles on a stretch, then a rest of 7 minutes and 33 seconds; then 17 miles continuously to the 36th, when breakfast consumed 29 minutes and 50 seconds; off again, she walked 12 miles, then retiring for 3 minutes and 51 seconds, making the total rest from 7 p. m. Friday to 12 m. Saturday, 17 hours of time, but 48 minutes and 14 seconds. She had up to that time accomplished 71 miles of her journey. The little lady did not stop for dinner until she had left 76 miles behind her, and was absent at her noon-day meal 1 hour 9 minutes and 57 seconds. Returning to her work she covered 5 miles and rested 5 minutes and 47 seconds on the track, at the close of the 81st mile. Five miles more without a stop and 86 miles covered. A rest of 10 minutes and 47 seconds was here taken. Another mile walked and a long rest of 2 hours, 9 minutes and 47 seconds taken in her retiring room. Returning to the track 10 miles were covered at a stretch, making 97 miles put in and over an hour to finish. A rest of 17 minutes and 7 seconds taken on the track and off she went again, increasing her speed with every lap, so that her last mile was made very quickly, the second being 12.32. At the finish of her 100th mile she made an extra "lap," which was an ovation, and retired to her room, from whence, after some 50 minutes' rest, she was taken to her hotel, and one more triumph is added to her record in Boston. The walk of the plucky little lady was a success in every way, and she bids Boston good-by once more with a neat sum of money as the result of her wonderful pluck and endurance.

A highly respectable assembly, composed mainly of ladies and gentlemen from Beacon Hill and the Back Bay, with a light sprinkling of suburbanites, witnessed Miss Von Hillern's walk. From an audience of 200 at the start on Friday evening, the crowd began to swell, until, during the last ten miles of her walk, at least 4,000 people were present. They were enthusiastic, too, much more so than the average Boston audience, and the ladies clapped their gloved hands most vigorously, while their male companions tossed their hats in the air at the close of the walk, and in many other ways during the evening manifested their interest in the plucky little German lady. During the last two hours of her walk she was, to all appearances, in as good condition as when she started, but after she had retired to the ante-room she appeared more exhausted than at the close of the previous matches. The young lady is to be congratulated upon the successful accomplishment of so arduous a task, and upon the number as well as the quality of her audience.

A Far-off World's Fair.

Twenty years ago, and even later, the idea of holding a "World's Fair" at the Cape of Good Hope, the most southern part of the African Continent, would have been treated as a wild jest, the exaggerated dream of some imaginative fancy. Nevertheless, it will be a reality on the 5th of the present March. Cape Colony (with an area of some 200,000 square miles and a population of 800,000, having Capetown for its capital, with over 20,000 inhabitants,) will open an International Exhibition on Monday, 5th, which will be inaugurated in due form by the Governor. Not Cape Colony alone, but other Anglo-African colonies, will participate in this show, and the latest dispatches, to the middle of January, mention that a large number of British, Austrian, and Italian exhibits had already arrived. The exhibition building would be entirely completed by the assigned date. It is expected that the demands for British manufactures will be greatly stimulated by this exhibition, and that there will be a great competitive display of agricultural implements from the United States as well as from England.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE Queen's state saloon on the Great Western Railway, England, is made entirely of boiler plate, and so lined and padded that if the carriage were to go over an embankment and roll to the bottom, the chances are that the occupants would escape uninjured.

At the laying of a corner-stone of a chapel in London, a few weeks since, Mr. Spurgeon recounted his effectual way of securing pure air in a church where the windows were so rarely opened that it was found difficult to raise them. "It was so close and hot," he said, "that I asked every gentleman near a window to smash a pane or two. There was soon a grand smash, and then the beautiful fresh air streamed in. I paid the bills afterward, like an honest man; but it was better to do that than bear the cruelty of preaching in such an atmosphere, or forcing people to listen when they were more disposed to sleep."

A Result of Obstructed Digestion.

Among the harmful consequences of obstructed digestion, is the impoverishment of the blood, and since a deteriorated condition of the vital fluid not only produces dangerous organic weakness, but, according to the best medical authorities, is a potent cause of asphyxia, it is apparent that to improve the quality of the blood by promoting digestion and assimilation, is a wise precaution. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely the remedy for this purpose, since it stimulates the gastric juices, conquers those bilious and evacuating irregularities which interfere with the digestive processes, promotes assimilation of the food by the blood, and purifies as well as enriches it. The signs of improvement in health in consequence of using the Bitters are speedily apparent in an accession of vigor, a gain in bodily substance, and a regular and active performance of every physical function.

Thousands of Affidavits.

Many having used "patent" and prepared medicines and failed in finding the relief promised, are therefore prejudiced against all medicines. Is this right? Would you condemn all physicians because one failed in giving the relief promised? Some go to California in search of gold, and after working hard for months and finding none, return home and say there is no gold there. Does that prove it? Many suffering with Catarrh and pulmonary affections have used the worthless preparations that crowd the market, and in their disappointment say there is no cure for Catarrh. Does that prove it? Does it not rather prove that they have failed to employ the proper remedy? There are thousands of people in the United States who can make an affidavit that Dr. Searle's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery have effected their entire cure. Many had lost all sense of smell for months, and pieces of bone had repeatedly been removed from the nasal cavities.

BRUISES, HEADACHE, Pain across the Eyes, Inflammation of the Eyes, Copious Watery Discharges from the Eyes and Nose, are symptoms of Catarrh. One to two bottles of Searle's Radical Cure for Catarrh will at once cure these symptoms.

Judgment of the Public.

During the past five years the public have carefully observed the wonderful cures accomplished from the use of VEGETINE. It has cured many an afflicted sufferer has been restored to perfect health, after having expended a small fortune in procuring medical advice and obtaining poisonous material medicines.

It is a medical preparation of Vegetable Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic. There is no disease of the human system for which the VEGETINE cannot be used with perfect safety, as it does not contain any metallic or poisonous compounds. It is composed exclusively of herbs, roots and berries; it is very pleasant to take; every child likes it; it is safe and reliable, as the following evidence will show:

Valuable Evidence.

The following unsolicited testimonials from Rev. O. T. Walker, D. D., formerly pastor of Bowdoin Square Church, Boston, and at present retired in Providence, R. I., must be deemed as reliable evidence. No one should fail to observe the excellent testimony of the result of two years' experience with the use of VEGETINE in the Rev. Mr. Walker's family, who now pronounces it invaluable.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 161 TRANSIT STREET.
H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:
I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your VEGETINE. My family have used it for nearly two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic.
O. T. WALKER,
Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin Square Church, Boston.

A Walking Miracle.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir:—Though a stranger, I want to inform you what VEGETINE has done for me.
Last Christmas, Scrofula made its appearance in my system—large redning ulcers appearing on my face. One upon each of my arms, one on my thigh which extended to the knee, and on my leg which cut into the skin bone, one on my left leg which became so bad that two physicians came to amputate the limb, though upon consultation decided not to do so, as my whole body was so full of Scrofula, they deemed it advisable to cut the sore, which was painful beyond description, and there was a quart of matter run from this one sore.
The physicians all gave me up to die, and said they could do no more for me. Both of my legs were drawn up to my seat, and it was thought if I did get up again I would be a cripple for life.
When in this condition I saw VEGETINE advertised, and commenced taking it in March, and followed on with it until I had used several bottles, and this morning I am going to plough corn, a well man. All my friends say it is a miracle—force me to regard it as such.
In conclusion I will add, when I was enduring such great suffering from that dreadful disease, Scrofula, I prayed to the Lord above to take me out of this world, but as VEGETINE has restored to me the blessings of health and life, I desire more than ever to live, that I may be of some service to my fellow men, and I know of no better way to aid suffering humanity, than to endorse your statement of my case, with an earnest hope that you will publish it, and will afford my pleasure to reply to any communication which I may receive therefrom. I am, sir, very respectfully,
WILLIAM PAIN.
Avery, Barren Co., Mich., July 10, 1872.

Reliable Evidence.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir:—I will most cheerfully add my testimony to the great number you have already received in favor of your great and good medicine, VEGETINE, for I do not think enough can be said in its praise. For I was troubled over 30 years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such bad coughing spells that it would seem as though I could never breathe any more, and VEGETINE has cured me, and I do feel that I thank God all the time that there is so good a medicine as VEGETINE, and I also think it one of the best medicines for coughs and colds, and I will afford my pleasure to advise everybody to take the VEGETINE, for I can assure them it is one of the best medicines that ever was.
MRS. L. GOLDRIDGE,
Corner Magazine and Walnut streets, Cambridge, Mass.

Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.
Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.